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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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THE LAST BATHER.  
CLOSE OF THE BATHING SEASON AT MANHATTAN BEACH.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE Democrats, after twenty years of searching, have found a Samson. He is a fine man, superb in the matter of avoirdupois, and much beloved of all the venerable feminine tea-parties in the land. But this dear old Samson, a gallant warrior whose weakness it is to spend the piping times of peace in writing explanatory comments on the Constitution, has taken a heavy contract in undertaking to lay out the Republican Philistines. For the Republicans have never before been accounted Philistines, and it is very difficult to introduce them to the country in this new character.

Still, Samson does his best. He waves on high the jawbone wrenched from the Democratic Ass—a remarkably small jawbone, considering the noise it has made in its time—and he howls valiantly to the Radical Philistines:

"I say! Don't you see I'm Samson. I am going to annihilate you all!"

you all! Be annihilated, will you!"

But they won't, unfortunately for Samson. They have heard from Vermont that their old popularity is not only unshaken, but increased: and the tidings put heart into them.

For it seems to be a serious fact—increasing in seriousness with each day that passes—that the Vermont election has been a decided break, though the first, in the Hancock boom. We have never concealed our opinion of the political situation. When the nomination was first made, we held that the Republican Party had made a great mistake in putting forward a man whose public record was weakened by certain well-known transgressions. When the Democratic Party brought out their man, we frankly acknowledged that he was the best they could have found. We have not yet seen cause to change our views; and we do not expect to. But if, as the surprising result of the election in Vermont seems to signify, this campaign is to be fought out on Principles, and not Men,

we shall rejoice—not because it will probably put a Republican President in the chair; but because it will show that the voters of the whole country are waking up to a livelier and wiser interest in the real issues of national politics than they have known since the first days of the war that roused the wisdom and the manhood of the whole land.

Sea-bathing is not, or rather was not one of the least attractions at Coney Island; but of late visitors have been obliged to use judgement and discretion before indulging in it. Since the marine department of the Street Cleaning Bureau has been giving full play to its little eccentricities by dumping their choice cargoes in such spots as to insure their being floated ashore at Coney Island, the way of the bather is a hard one. The thermometer has perhaps marked 95 in the shade at noon; and Smith's thoughts went to Manhattan Beach and the refreshing dip he would take in the sea, which would act as an antidote to the overpowering heat. He goes—and plunges in the water. If the tide does not favor him, and the chances are that it will not, he will not be long finding out that he is bathing in a sea of garbage. He will then remember that he has seen something about it in the papers, coupled with the name of Captain Williams, of clubbing fame, and others to whom the citizens of New York are beholden for keeping the city in an alleged condition of cleanliness. On emerging from the water, Smith will probably be unrecognizable by his own mother. The capacious shell of a watermelon may cover his head, carcasses of cats and dogs will have secured every coign of vantage about his person—especially in the vicinity of his toes; and if these members happen to be of abnormal dimensions the richer are likely to be the garbage treasures that adhere to them. Old boots and other things, scarcely necessary to particularize, will have found a convenient resting-place; and if Smith is of a reflective turn of mind he may ask himself whether it was better to swelter ashore, or revel in the prematurely discharged cargoes of the matter that wasn't in its right place in the city. We would not object so much to soiling our epidermis in water garnished with garbage, if by so-doing we could insure New York's being kept clean by the Street Cleaning Bureau, but it does not seem to make the slightest difference. In spite of Captain Williams and his broom, the streets are just as dirty, and so is the water at Coney Island. We are rich in hope, and we look forward to some change in these matters, at least in time for the millenium, whenever that may come off.

If all the able-bodied men and voters in the United States were nominated for the Presidency, an outside, foreign reader of American newspapers would indeed come to the conclusion that either the millenium *had* arrived, or it was time for a shower of brimstone, à la Sodom and Gomorrah, as far as this country was concerned; for so truly excellent or so villainous a body of men could not exist anywhere under ordinary conditions. No sooner is a man nominated for the Presidency than all kinds of beautiful things are found out about him by his party and his political friends; while his political opponents, on the other hand, discover that he is a monster whose vices are not counterbalanced by a single virtue. What a great deal is said about Mr. Garfield! We are told in what an exquisite manner he drove canal-boats and the mules appertaining thereto. How he preached and how he taught. How good, pure and lovely he was all round. How bravely he fought; how nobly he led his troops to victory; and how, in the noblest spirit of self sacrifice, he actually consented to go into Congress and devote the rest of his godlike

existence to the task of regenerating his fellow-countrymen—and many other stories of the same sort.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Garfield is not at all a remarkable man. There are thousands of men in the country who have commenced life in quite as unpromising a manner, and who have obtained relatively as high a position as Mr. Garfield. They may not have given equally as much attention to politics; but if any of them, as in Mr. Garfield's case, by a mere throw of the dice, was nominated for the Presidency to-morrow, there would be just as entertaining a biographical sketch of the nominee, as anything that has been done in this way for Mr. Garfield by his most devoted admirer. A halo of romance—nay, a perfect aureole was thrown over even the present rather mild occupant of the White House. He too was a great soldier, a great politician, a great Governor, and withal so pious and so good, that Oilymargarine would have some difficulty in melting in his mouth. The encomiums may be just, but unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, nobody has had an opportunity of proving their truth—unless it be perhaps in the matter of goodness, so far as indulging in liquor through the medium of oranges, instead of taking it straight. We are gradually giving up our practice of making our best men Presidents. This fact is generally admitted; and yet party newspapers would have us believe, when the nomination is made, that there was not another man on earth who was so well fitted to be the standard bearer of the party. If under our peculiar political system, mediocre men—as they most assuredly do—get in the Presidential chair, let us at least have the decency not to boast of the commonplace events in their career, until they have shown of what stuff they are made.

We carry this absurd hero worship into other things besides politics. Mr. J. K. Emmet, who is what is called in the profession a Dutch dialect actor, a perhaps necessary but not an ennobling or elevated line of business, has been enjoying himself for the last week or so in his own fashion, viz: by repeatedly getting drunk. Unhappily it is not an uncommon thing for people to get drunk, but to judge by the enormous sensation that the escapades of Mr. Emmet have caused from Maine to California nobody ever did such an original and curious thing before. Because Mr. Emmet is popular as an actor with a certain unintellectual class of people, it is no reason why he should be considered superior to the law. He has been arrested on two occasions for being drunk and disorderly, and in each instance has had unusual favors extended to him by the Dogberrys on the bench, because he was Mr. Emmet, and played, when he was sober, a part called "Fritz" with an unnatural German dialect. Other men who are not Emmets, whether they talked with or without German dialects, would not have been treated with such consideration. Mr. Emmet's defence is that he can't help getting drunk; it is an unholy alliance between fate and nature that does the business, and there seem to be good grounds for the statement, as he was for some time in an Inebriate Asylum—which he left when he supposed himself cured. It is sufficiently obvious that Mr. Emmet is not only not cured, but is never likely to be, judging by his recent performances. Leniency when such a man subjects himself to the law is a grave mistake. The dramatic profession has not so many friends in this country, still tainted with the poison of puritanism—that it can afford to lose any of them by having the finger of scorn pointed at it, and its members classed with an incorrigible sot who does not receive from the administrators of the law the punishment that is his due.

## JOURNALISTIC CONSISTENCY.

## THEN.

*The New York Daily Times on Mr. Bill Sykes, before his nomination to the Presidency, August 10th, 1874.*

**W**E regret to be obliged to say that Mr. "Bill" Sykes does not do credit to the patriotic and great Republican Party. It is true that, as a Member of Congress, he has appeared to have the welfare of his constituents at heart; but, if the truth must be told, he has looked with more solicitude after his own interests.

We were loth to believe the numerous stories that constantly reached our ears regarding Mr. "Bill" Sykes's susceptibility in the way of permitting himself to be "seen" in order that he might be convinced of the necessity of the passage of certain bills which, it is notorious, are nothing more than attempts at legalized robbery of the public treasury.

But these charges are mild compared to others brought against Mr. "Bill" Sykes, as to the truth of which we are, unhappily, in possession of irrefragable proof.

He is in a most unhappy position—a position in which he, unfortunately, must remain, for no amount of good will or of the staunchest political friendship can alter the damning facts of his guilt.

His offences are such that they cannot be condoned.

We were always well aware that Mr. "Bill" Sykes had not a record altogether free from stain, but we did not know it was as bad as recent developments have shown it to be.

It was pretty well understood that he had committed murder—wilful murder—on several occasions; but these crimes were overlooked because Mr. "Bill" Sykes was considered to be a good worker for the party. A patriot and a Republican, under some circumstances, may be allowed at times to indulge in a little violence—it is perfectly consistent with his being an upright citizen.

But Mr. "Bill" Sykes has really gone too far. To the crime of murder he has added that of burglary; to burglary, arson; to arson, horse-stealing; to horse-stealing, forgery; to forgery, bigamy; to bigamy, manslaughter; and to manslaughter, conspiracy to defraud.

Nor is this all: for infanticide, mayhem, piracy, counterfeiting, cruelty to animals, swindling, garotting, drunkenness and gluttony are as familiar to him as household words.

Mr. "Bill" Sykes's career of usefulness for the party, we think, therefore, has ended. We do not want such a man to take any longer a prominent position politically. He can do no good.

He cannot command a solitary vote.

He is a millstone round the neck of the party.

It would rather work and fight without him than with him.

Mr. "Bill" Sykes doubtless means well; but he is unclean, and a great party cannot afford to touch pitch and run a chance of being defiled.

We have hesitated to speak thus plainly, because we at first doubted the truth of much that had come to our ears, and thought there was little to be gained by enlarging on the alleged enormities of a man who had taken such a prominent position in Congress; but, as public journalists and censors, we deem it our duty to sink all personal considerations and proclaim to the world that there is a professional politician in the Republican Party who not only does it no honor, but rather disgraces it.

That politician is Mr. "Bill" Sykes.

## NOW.

*The New York Daily Times on General William Sykes, after his nomination for the Presidency, June 10th, 1880.*

**I**N finally choosing for its candidate a gentleman who has been but rarely mentioned in connection with the nomination, the Republican Convention has by no means selected one who is obscure or untried.

General William Sykes has been long before the American people, and has made a reputation of which any man might be proud.

General Sykes's fidelity to the Republican party and the Republican leaders has never wavered for an instant. The Party and the Presidency are entirely safe in his hands.

General Sykes possesses noble, self-sacrificing and patriotic qualities of the highest order.

There is no man who has a greater and more delicate sense of justice. He is a lover of freedom, and is the soul of honor. He is eminently a self-made man, and has had vast experience in various walks in life.

General Sykes has had, above all things, much to do with financial questions—and, as these must be very prominently brought forward in the canvass, it is plain that, on this ground alone, a better nomination could not have been made.

General Sykes was born of parents of moderate means. His father suffered much from dropsy, which required very strong alcoholic treatment.

Old Mr. William Sykes was very fond of marine residences, and resided, we are informed, for long periods on an island, on which are extensive and imposing buildings, in the neighborhood of Harlem.

Young Sykes soon developed a taste for politics, and was not long in acquiring distinction.

He now reaps the reward of his genius and talent.

The great feature of the work of the Republican Convention is in the unexampled purity of character of its nominee.

There is not the ghost of a stain on the escutcheon of General William Sykes. No one—not even his worst enemy—has breathed a word against his integrity, his honor and his morality.

We dwell on these points because the chief magistrate of this great country must be above reproach—and this cannot be said of all those who have filled the Presidential chair.

We hail the nomination of General Sykes with joy. A man has been nominated who will most assuredly be elected.

General William Sykes, as the Republican standard-bearer, will unite all the factions and classes in the local and national political camps throughout the country.

The North is, of course, with him. So is the South. The West is wild for him, and it would be a matter of supererogation to speak of the enthusiasm in the East.

The Greenbackers will be for him to a man—the advocates of hard money will mark him for their own.

He will certainly get the Chinese vote. The German vote is already pledged for him. Every negro who goes to the poll will cast his ballot for General Sykes, regardless of the shotguns of political opponents.

For our candidate represents, with the clearness due to his own eminent qualities and his distinguished career, all of the most valued principles of the Republican party. He is entitled to the cordial and unqualified support of all who cherish those principles, and we have entire confidence that, obtaining this, he will be the next President of the United States.

## Puckings.

HOW TO KEEP your shirt clean—Don't keep it.

TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN: What sexpected?

THE "MIGHTY DOLLAR" proves to be sterling currency in London.

COMPOSITORS ought to make good soldiers; their figures would be well "set up."

WHY AT THIS LATE DAY should Mr. James write a book to show Washington square?

VERMONT has gone Republican. To get even with her, Kentucky ought to go Democratic.

THERE IS A PREDOMINATIVENESS of Miss Treditor in the sanctum, rivaling the ubiquitousness of Job-printing.

TRICKETT SEEMS to be an ominous name for a contestant in a boat race. At least we should think so after recent experiences.

VERMONT? Vermont? Some place in Canada, isn't it? What's Vermont, anyway?  
—W. S. Hancock.

ROCKAWAY is the Nantasket Beach of New York.—*Boston Comm. Bulletin.* From which we infer that Boston is the Rockaway of Nantasket Beach.

A WOMAN who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.

TILDEN must be tapping that English bar'l for the campaign. Don't mean what you mean, but can't help the pun. Last Wednesday \$1,870,000—in specie too—arrived from the other side of the Atlantic.

THE CRITICS must now admit that "Fritz" is an affecting play, inasmuch as, a short time ago, Emmet himself could not go on with the play because he was too full for utterance. Some people, however, say that he was playing "Two Nights in Rum."

ACCORDING to the Reverend R. Wheatley's pamphlet on the West Point Military Academy, the spy on duty in the guardhouse once reported a cadet for having "strings of drawers protruding beneath pants;" but the Reverend R. Wheatley fails to mention whether or no the spy was reported for the constructive insult to the word "trousers."

THERE APPEARS to be something meaner than a Jerseyman, after all. The town of Gravesend has just been non-suited in an action brought against the Manhattan Beach Company. The town sold a desolate strip of sand for \$1,500; and now that the enterprise of the Company has made it blossom like the rose into a \$500,000 paradise, the liberal-minded Gravesenders want damages in the amount of the money they hadn't sense enough to make for themselves.

ONE of the owners of the lost steamer "City of Vera Cruz" told a *Telegram* reporter, last week, that

"when the Russian government sent some of their agents over here three years ago to buy up steamers they wanted to get the "City of Vera Cruz" in the worst way possible."

They ought to have waited. They might dredge her up now, and have her "in the worst way possible."



## THEOLOGY AND THROUGH-TICKETS.

*Report of Sermon Delivered at Castle Garden by the  
Rev. Philobolus Liebotschaner, Evangelical  
Missionary to the Emigrants.*

DEARLY BELOVED  
BRETHREN, SISTERS,  
CHILDREN UND HALF-  
FARE INFANTS:

My text for to-day  
vas owit of Jeroboam,  
chapter zwei, verse  
drei.

"Und Nahum said  
unto Jeroboam."

Now, my hearers,  
vat vas Nahum said  
unto Jeroboam? Und  
vy for vas he said  
dose things? Und who vas Nahum, alleweil?  
It vas dem considerations what we have to take  
gontemplation by. Und we therefore begin auf  
der back end und go foremost.

So, Who vas Nahum?

My frients, Nahum vas a holy man. Uf any-  
body has anydings to say against dose garacter  
of Nahum, let him shtand right owit und showit.

Dose vas the times for holy men. The woods  
vas full of dem. There vas more men who went  
in for holiness as a business than in any other  
period of the world's history. Nahum vas a  
pfessional holy man—shoost like I vas now.

Und vat for vas Nahum said dem things, my  
beloved hearers? The answer by dot is plain.  
It vas none of our business. Uf Nahum vas see  
fit to talk his mouth mit, it vas his own gonver-  
sation he was making free mit, alleweil.

Und vat vas Nahum said?

My hearers, here we come by the gonundrum  
of this sermon. Dot vas the shteam-tug of war.  
Vat vas Nahum said? My beloved frients, it  
don't make no matter vat Nahum vas said.

Maybe he vas said unto Jeroboam: "Jero-  
boam, goot morning. How you vas, old boy?"  
Maybe he vassaid unto Jeroboam: "Vas it hot  
enough for you, alleweil?" Und maybe Nahum  
vas said unto Jeroboam: "Lend me a qvarter  
until Saturday."

Nahum shpoke according to his lights. Uf  
Nahum had lived in the nineteenth century,  
mit the facilities for travel und getting by  
blaces vat we have now, Nahum would probably  
have remarket, mit his sowil full of egstasy und  
of rejoicefulness: "Get your tickets for the  
West by dose Mississippi und Ohio Railroad."

Aber Nahum vas a Sheeny, und lived by dem  
classic times. Und dere was no Mississippi und  
Ohio Railroad, my beloved friends, und Nahum  
vas had no chance to benefit mankind at re-  
duced rates. Uf you vas want to go west by  
dem days, my frients, you vas have to tramp  
it, oder shtay at home. Uf you vas vant to go  
to Cincinnati by the first place, you vas have  
to walk; and by the second place, you don't  
vas able to go there anyway; by cause that  
there vas no such place in dem times.

Uf Nahum vas lived nowadays, by these  
times, don't you vas dink he would say right  
unto Jeroboam: "Jeroboam"—oder, maybe,  
uf he knowed Jeroboam well—"Jerry, old fel,  
don't you make no mistake. You vas not a holy  
man; you vas only a blain berson; aber I vas a  
holy man myself, alleweil, und I give you this  
ding straight. Don't you go for to get your  
tickets by no other road. Shoost you let me fix  
this little business for you, und I get your  
tickets by dot Mississippi und Ohio, und put  
you right through, like a bea in a peanshooter."

Und now, my beloved hearers, I don't vas  
Nahum, und you don't vas Jeroboam, und these  
times don't vas dem classic Sheeny times; aber  
I fix you off shoost the same.

I gif you the benediction of religion und a  
ticket to Cincinnati ein-dollar-und-a-qvarter  
cheaper as dot other missionary over by the



gorner there. Uf you want dot benediction of  
religion mitout the ticket, I gif it to you frei  
von charge; aber it don't vas likely to do no  
good mitout the ticket.

And now those of you, my very egdsdra-  
beloved friends, vhat respects dem ordinances  
of religion, will shoost step up und get dot  
ticket, mit a chromo benediction frei, und I  
don't take no drade dollars.

For "Nahum said unto Jeroboam—"  
Shtep up lifely, uf you please. Amen.

## A CENTURY OF MYSTERIES.

WHO wore the iron mask  
Walking in golden fetters?  
Who owns up to the brilliant task  
Of scribbling Junius letters?

The Pyramids who reared so slow?  
At Sheriffmuir who won?  
Did Clubber Williams ever know  
One Billy Patterson?

Who killed Policeman Smith?  
Whose daughter did Cain wed?  
Who jokes trepanned with cleric pith  
Into a Scotchman's head?

Where's Nathan Hale's lone grave?  
Why does Grant White hate grammar?  
Is Fitzjohn Porter loyal, brave?  
Did Lord Brougham ever stammer?

Was Ten-cent Jemmy in the main  
True man or a vile traitor?  
Was Shakspeare of the pensive Dane  
Undoubted sole creator?

Was there an eel squirmed long ago  
In queer De Quincey's bowels?  
Did old Thad Stevens ever know  
The price of Turkish towels?

Was e'er a Dutchman known to fly  
The herring-pond across?  
Did Moses ever reach the sky?  
Where, where is Charley Ross?

Why, shipless, do we brag and roar  
As we were Neptune's daughter?  
True, we have dockyards by the score,  
And oh! such lots of water.

Is Tilden's bar'l, as of yore,  
Full to the bung with riches?  
Is Andrew Jackson to the fore?  
Who mended Marcy's breeches?

Was Moore's bronze bust in Prospect Park  
Modeled from Tom Kinsella?  
Or sculpted betwixt the light and dark  
From some more Grecian fellow?

What from his home did "Oakey" drive?  
Is Roscoe Conkling banged?  
Is Mrs. Cunningham alive?  
Was Sam Colt ever hanged?

Who stole the donkey? Venders weep!  
"I don't know," Echo groans.  
Lies John Wilkes Booth 'neath waters deep?  
And where are Stewart's bones?

Who killed Cock Robin, mild and meek?  
Whose base, marauding shears  
Reft from the Whittakerian cheek  
The grand historic ears?

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXI.

THE BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS'S APPROACH-  
ING MARRIAGE.



Ya-as aw, 'pon  
my soul aw—ha!  
ha! quite too aw-  
fully absurd and wi-  
dulous—the Bar-  
oness Burdett-  
Coutts is, I he-ah,  
going to marwy a  
me-ah boy of seven  
or eight and twenty.  
I think I have some  
slight wecollection  
of the fellow when

I was last in Eurwope. He was, I believe, or-  
wiginally Amerwican, but has been naturwal-  
ized in England or something of the kind, and  
has managed by some means or othah to get  
wecognized by a pwopah set, and has pwacti-  
cally become an Englishman. Aw I had almost  
forgot to mention the fellow's patwonymic.  
His aw name is Ashmead Bartlett.

It is odd that this venerwable cweachah  
should make up her mind at the pwesent stage  
of her carwe-ah to entah into the sacred con-  
dition or holy state of matwimony.

I have known the old lady faw a numbah of  
ye-ahs, and never dweamt that she would at-  
twact the attention of the world by getting a  
twousseau and a bwidal-dwess, when undah or-  
dinarwy circumstances she ought to be making  
arwangements faw the constwuction of her  
gwawe-clothes. But the aged party has, as  
everwybody knows, a maw than averwage sup-  
ply of coin, and consequently has a wight to  
be as eccentwic as she pleases.

I can't say I admi-ah the pwoceeding, and  
the aw Queen, Victorwi-ah, my mothah and  
severwal membahs of my family quite agwee  
with Jack Carnegie and me in thinking that  
the Barwoness, in patwonizing wedlock, is ex-  
ceeding the bounds of legitimate eccentwicity.

I think of witing to her pwivately, mildly but  
gently pwotesting against her carwyng out her  
intention; faw the cerewemony, it appe-ahs, is  
not to come off faw five or six weeks, and there  
may yet be time to stop it. The old cweachah  
was always something of a favorwite of mine,  
and if I had evah thought that her mind wan  
in the dirwection of matwimony, I might per-  
whaps have pwoposed to her myself aw.

The Barwoness, faw a long perwiod, has been  
somewhat given to charwity. She had gweat diffi-  
culty in getting wid of her income, and was con-  
stwained to do something with it. Bartlett, my  
fwields wite me, had faw some time been mak-  
ing himself verwy useful to the Barwoness by  
distwibuting her extwa loose cash among her  
paupah fwields of both sexes, inebwiate asylums,  
hospitals and a varwied assortment of weligious  
organizations and arwangements.

I suppose she must have had gweat admirwa-  
tion faw the mannah in which he carwied out  
the distwibution of alms, and wesolved to  
adopt him as her gwandson, but ultimately  
thought it bettah to be bwought into nearwah  
welationship to him by marwyng him.

She only made up her mind to pwopose faw  
the youthfuf fellow durwing a yacht cwuise she  
took on the Mediterwanean with him and an  
actah tellah named Irving. That wegion in-  
spires aw womance, et cæterwa—at least such  
is my experience - and perwhaps this accounts  
faw her falling in aw love.

Howevah, if she marwies him, I don't think  
I shall take my account away fwom Coutts's;  
because, although she may pwobably withdwaw  
her capital and make othah income sacwifices  
in ordah to enjoy the luxurwy of matwimony,  
the bank, I appwehend, is in a satisfactorwy  
condition aw.



## A CAMPAIGN COLLISION.

BEING A TRUSTWORTHY REPORT OF A SMALL POLITICAL DISCUSSION HELD IN OUR STREET.

"GOOD mornin' to ye, Mr. Oisaacs," said Mr. Mulvany, shifting his Hancock placard to his right shoulder: "the top o' the mornin' t'ye."

"How you vas yerself, alleweil?" amiably inquired Mr. Isaacs.

"An' how shud a free citizen be," Mr. Mulvany replied, not without some loftiness in his manner: "whin he is bearin' on hoigh the banner of the Liberator what is goin' to thread yez bigoted Radicals undher his feet—more power to him!"

"Uf you don'd," retorted Mr. Isaacs, his dark eye kindling with pride, "Uf you don'd got no better banner ash dem, maype you don'd vas better say nodings, ain'd it?"

Mr. Mulvany drew up his commanding figure.

"Phwat is the matter with that banner?" he asked.



"Dot vas all riyit for a banner," Mr. Isaacs made answer: "aber it don'd vas no dransparency."

"An' wud I howld a candle," cried the indignant representative of the Hero of Gettysburg: "to loight the accursed features of a Republican toyrant?"

Mr. Isaacs's reply was a mean insinuation:

"Maype your barty don'd vas got no bar'l abbrobriation for to holt a gandle its owin candidate by?"

Mr. Mulvany's reply was full of a simple but beautiful dignity:

"Misther Oisaacs, I wud have ye to ondershtand, sorr, that I will take no such palaverin' impidence from a haythin' Jew loike yerself."

"Shoo!" wailed Mr. Isaacs, in furious protest. "Don'd you say no



such dings to me, Mr. Mulfany! I vas a She-e-e-ny; aber I vas a shaindleman!"

"Do you mane, sorr," cried Mr. Mulvany, with rapidly increasing excitement: "to defend yer conduct on political grounds!"

"Auf any grounts, vat you blease," returned the undaunted Mr. Isaacs: "uf I vas degrayit myself und garry a twenty-five cent show-gard, I don't vas garry it for no loafer mit blue puttons, like dot Hangcock."

"Loafer, is it?" Mr. Mulvany fairly howled: "Mother of Moses, will yez hear till him. And wasn't he a sowjer; and the Hayro of Gittysburg, more betoken?"

"Und who vas it," Mr. Isaacs pertinently demanded, "dot he vas fyiit mit? Don'd it vas nopody only you Demograts und your frients und families und agqvaindances?"

Mr. Mulvany grew livid with rage. He let the maligned show-card tilt backwards over his shoulder until it laid out an inoffensive passer-by, of middle age and neutral opinions.

"Say that agin," he gasped: "and say it shlow!"

Mr. Isaacs complied with the request.

"Then tek that!" said Mr. Mulvany, slowly lifting the banner of the Liberator.

His movement had too much superb slowness about it. Mr. Isaacs dropped his gorgeous transparency, and sailed in, like a Hebraic hurricane.

"Dot vas goin' to be a whole Vairmont elegsion for you, don'd it?" he murmured with stifled utterance, his face pressed close to the bosom of Mr. Mulvany, while with his free hand he battered the ribs of the Celtic champion.



"Be the powers! Tek this for a Solid South!" panted Mr. Mulvany, as he got a crack in with the show-card.

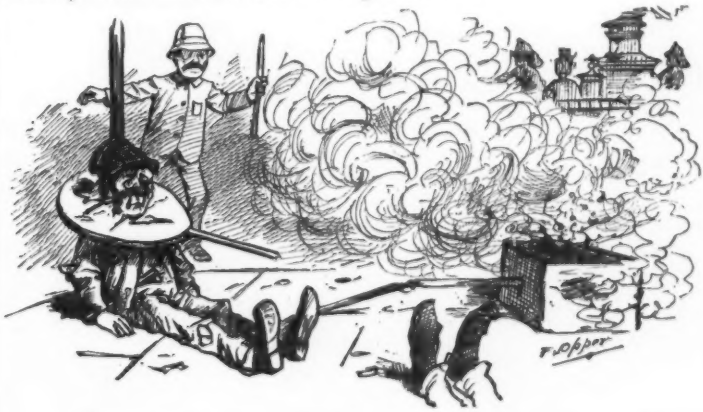
The lamp in the discarded transparency blazed up and set fire to the canvas. The blue flame curled upwards toward the autumn heaven, and a small boy saw it and sat down at a distance to take in the bonfire all by himself.

"D'ye remember the Credit Morebiler?" Mr. Mulvany asked when he got himself free enough to carom on Mr. Isaacs's nose.

"You vas pay dem Repel glaims, don't it?" was the neat repartee of Mr. Isaacs, as he plugged Mr. Mulvany one in the chin.

The flames burst out more fiercely from the transparency, and the small boy got up and sauntered off to find a policeman, amusing himself as he went on his way by airily caroling "Fire."

"Hooray for the Hayro of Gittysburg!" Mr. Mulvany shouted, as cheerily as his lack of breath would permit.



"Ooroar for dot Ghristian Cheneral!" returned Mr. Isaacs, wheezy, but unconquered.

They gathered their forces for one final struggle; and when the fire-engine came around one corner, and the Policeman around the other, the transparency was blazing right merrily, while Mr. Isaacs, stretched on the hard, unsympathetic pavement, was sighting over his feet the disfigured nose of Mr. Mulvany, who sat propped against the lamp-post, with his own banner encircling his manly neck like a Elizabethan ruff.

The Policeman was an avowed Hancock man, on a Kelly basis. He took care of Mr. Isaacs. The firemen had a secret sympathy for Garfield, and they attended to Mr. Mulvany.

When the autumn sun went down, peace reigned upon the scene, and four small boys sat on the curbstone and poked disconsolately the dying embers of the Garfield transparency.

## OUR FEMALE LAWYERS.—No. 1.



WOMEN IN COURT IN 1780.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

**T**HE American girl is getting altogether too ornamental for a country of useful folks. We toil and we spin, in order that our young women may be arrayed in a style that discounts the late King Solomon in all his glory; and the conviction is beginning to steal over us that we are not doing the wisest or the kindest thing for ourselves or for them.

This is a nation of working-folks. The American must either work or emigrate. If he is rich and won't work, he can emigrate to Europe. If he is poor and won't work, he generally emigrates to the happy hunting-grounds. A man may purchase himself the right to rest; but it must be by working till his living is insured. A man may inherit a fortune; but he cannot inherit the right to loaf. He need not labor to increase his wealth; but he must study the sciences, or cultivate the arts, or improve the breed of horses, or occupy himself in some way, or his fellow-citizens will despise him.

And quite rightly, too. This is the first social law of our country, and it has made a nation of healthy, useful, intelligent, *manly* men. This rule is at the bottom of all the others. Where all men work, and have to work, you are sure of finding true liberty, the right kind of equality, and all the fraternity that is necessary. It is only in the nations where one privileged class revels in unearned idleness that you may look for another class toiling in slavery, degradation and abandonment. If we keep a good level of respectability among our millions, it is because no one is permitted to get on top of the heap and sit there and fold his hands.

This is the way with our men. Why do we bring up our women by a different rule? We have no aristocracy of men—in the European sense of the word. Why should we have an aristocracy of women?

The American girl is one of the prettiest things on the face of the mortal globe. She is beautiful with the up-gathered beauty of the finest types of all lands and ages. She is apt, clever, graceful, pure and sweet-tempered. But she can't make bread.

And because she can't, we all have to eat the vile product of saleratus baking-powders, mixed by Irish biddies in boarding-house kitchens.

The average foreigner who comes to our shores says that we all live in hotels. This is because he has met, say ten thousand of us there, out of all our forty-odd millions. It is just the superficial ass-ness of the average foreigner; but he blunders very near to the truth. A great many of us live in boarding-houses; and we do so not because we like it, or because we are too poor to live in any other way; but because our wives and daughters do not know how to provide us with homes.

And they do not know how because we have carefully avoided letting them learn.

Look at the life of a girl who is a type of

several million others; briefly sketched, from the cradle to the grave. Not Miss Flora McFlimsey; born too good and too rich for her native land, and ready to fly away to Paris,—no, not her life; but the life of plain good little Mollie Grubb, who had the making of a noble, useful woman in her, and who is, instead, just as idle and aimless and frivolous as \$20,000 worth of "superior education" can make her.

Molly's father is Old Grubb, the great leather merchant and millionaire. He was neither old, nor a merchant, nor a millionaire, when he married Molly's mother, twenty years ago. He was clerking it for a hide-broker in the swamp, and used to stand all day long on the sidewalk, checking the wet, reeking skins unloaded from the drays. He got fifteen dollars a week for this; stench thrown in. When he could muster twenty dollars, he married. When his salary rose to \$1,500 a year, he moved from his two rooms in Varick Street to a neat little frame house over in Jersey, and was as proud and happy as if he owned a ducal mansion.

Molly was born there, and cut her teeth, and had the measles; and was learning to read in words of two syllables before they began to talk of moving again. They had been happy there, and it was home to them; the home of their united toil; it was wholesome and clean and pleasant; but—well, times were growing better; there was a fortune in prospect; and Molly would soon be growing up, and would need the advantages of a city education. She must go into society some day; and have all the ease and pleasure that her mother had had to get along without—and so they went to a city boarding-house.

And from that time to this, Molly has never known a home. Her life for ten years after that was a long succession of boarding-houses, growing gradually more and more pretentious, until they ended with a Fifth Avenue apartment house. During this period she was receiving her education at the most expensive and fashionable school in the city, getting into various sorts of society, and learning to spell her name Mollie.

Then she went abroad to "complete" her education in Germany; also in Paris. In the meanwhile, Papa Grubb has built his big house near the Park, and now Mollie has come home to that, and finds it only a newer and grander kind of boarding-house.

Servants take every household care off her hands, and do their duties with as much faithfulness and readiness as you can expect of servants. Mollie can paint and embroider decorative-art work; she can play and sing very fairly—before company; she can dance and flirt and dress, and chatter French and German, and now she can even write her name Mamie; but she can't make bread.

Her mother can, though she never does,

## OUR FEMALE LAWYERS.—No. 2.



WOMEN IN COURT IN 1880.

nowadays. Nor, indeed, is there any reason why she should. She has made enough in her time; she is old and tired, and has a right to rest and enjoy herself; just as well as her husband who has retired from business, and is respected for his industry and the product thereof.

But Molly—Mollie—Mamie Grubb—what right has she to a purely ornamental utility? Has she shared a poor man's hard fortunes and helped him to better them? Not a bit of it. Is she looking for an opportunity to do so? Not particularly. What is she doing, then? She is doing nothing, in the most elaborate style. She is mooning round, looking after something to interest her, and fill her vacant life. She is running after every new sensation that comes along. To-day she has a religious fad, and wants to marry a ritualistic clergyman and work his vestments. To-morrow she wants to go on the stage. The next day she will be running about with a pack of female doctors and women-suffragists. Some day she will come home a prey to a disease which will never wholly let go its hold on her—Hysteria, developed by the infectious madness of some raving evangelical revivalist.

Of course she will marry. If she chooses a poor man for her husband, there will be either a divorce or an informal—a mighty informal separation in that family, when the breadwinner finds out that his wife is not a bread-maker. But if she weds a rich lounge, how much better off will she be when her little butterfly-time is over; when her good looks are gone, and her accomplishments forgotten, and she settles down into what is more than likely to be a childless and neglected middle-age?

She will never be old. You find the women who were brought up as she was, lingering about hotel hallways at summer resorts, vacantly looking on at the gayety in which they no longer have a part. They are the women who take to chloral and opium, and even liquor, on the sly; and at length die of very weariness, or drop off into retired lunatic asylums, poor ghosts of unwholesome idleness.

If you ask a young man why he does not marry—and he doesn't marry, the young man of this generation—he will tell you that he can't support a wife. But his meaning is not that he cannot support a woman who would be such a wife to him as his mother was to his father. He means that he cannot support a doll—a Mamie Grubb.

He would be only too glad to support her, though, if little Molly Grubb had been brought up as wisely as the original Molly after whom she was named—a good little Republican girl, who was quite able and willing to hold up her end of the domestic establishment while her husband held up the other; and who, sharing his industrious poverty, shared likewise in the prosperity that naturally followed.

That was the kind of American girl for a fellow to marry, and support, and be proud of.

She could make bread.

## ABSURD.



TRAMP [indignantly]:—"Water? Do you take me for a traveling Tanner?"



## GRAND REVIEW OF THE U. S. NAVY.

### VESSELS OF THE FIRST, SECOND, AND OTHER CLASSES.

### THE IRON-CLADS AND GUNBOATS.

#### An Exciting Sea-Fight.

President Hayes, ex-Secretary Robeson, and  
Lord High Admiral Thompson Present.

THERE will be a review of our navy at Hampton Roads on the 23d inst. In order that the public may not have to wait for the reports in the daily papers, we have called upon our prophetic reporter, who can see further into the middle of next week than any man we know, to write a full account of the event. This we have much pleasure in submitting to our readers.

HAMPTON ROADS, Sept. 23d.

The morning broke clearly, the wind being north by south, half east, a little westerly. The majestic navy of the United States, which lay proudly at anchor, was gilded by the rays of the rising sun, and the mariners began to clear decks and prepare the craft for the mimic fight in which Uncle Sam was to show the effete monarchies of Europe that the stars and stripes were still the pride of the ocean, and Columbia the home of the brave and the free.

The review had a very narrow escape of being postponed indefinitely, owing to the bulk of the U. S. Navy being in imminent danger of receiving irreparable damage from a steam launch which was at an early hour cruising about in a most reckless manner. It struck the stern posts of a scow of the first-class—the flag-ship of Lord High Admiral Thompson—which immediately began to fill. The drum, however, beat to quarters, and the Admiral, assisted by ex-Secretary Robeson and President Hayes, with the aid of an empty tomato-can, bailed out the navy, which once more majestically floated.

The Port Division of the fleet which was to take part in the review consisted of

#### SCOWS.

THE MUDLARK.—Flagship.—Armament, three swabs and a bucket; Lord High Admiral Thompson.

THE DUMPER.—Armament, one swab and a bucket; Admiral Lee Scupper.

The Starboard Division consisted of

#### FOUR-OARED GIGS.

THE DRYROT.—Armament, three oars and a boat-hook; Admiral Junkanduff.

THE LEAKER.—Armament, two oars and a boat-hook; Admiral Skyscraper.

#### WASH TUBS.

THE SUDS.—Armament, one washboard; Admiral Shiverthemizen.

THE WASHER.—Armament, one cake of soap; Admiral Slush.

That Lord High Admiral Thompson had left nothing undone to insure the complete success of the affair was manifest from his putting an Admiral in charge of each craft. The signal for the evolutions to begin was to be the waving of President Hayes's hat; but owing to some slight misunderstanding, "The Washer" (Admiral Slush) at once saluted by shying its cake of soap overboard, and led off, close-hauled, on the port tack the Starboard Division of the fleet, the review commenced, and the mimic naval battle became general.

"The Mudlark" (flagship), Lord High Ad-

miral Thompson, poled along by President Hayes, "bouted ship," and steered towards "The Dryrot," and with her swabs and bucket delivered several broadsides of liquid mud and salt water with telling effect on the noble four-oared gig, which retorted by scratching the stern of "The Mudlark" with her boat-hook. Both vessels then withdrew from the action for repairs.

"The Dumper" (Admiral Lee Scupper) now bore down on "The Leaker" (Admiral Skyscraper), and endeavored to run alongside and board her. "The Leaker" put her helm hard-a-lee, backed her mainyard and tried to obtain an offing. She was foiled in her intention by "The Suds" (Admiral Shiverthemizen), who ran up within a cable's length of "The Leaker" and nearly sunk that remarkable specimen of naval architecture by the noise made by "The Suds's" magnificent swivel half-pounder washboard.

"The Washer" (Admiral Slush), having expended all its ammunition, a cake of soap, in the opening of the review, was unable to take any active part in the action, and lay at anchor, a silent spectator of the stirring scene.

"The Dumper" (Admiral Lee Scupper) now caught a crab and broke one of her tiller-ropes; which so scared ex-Secretary Robeson that President Hayes incontinently brought the review to a close.

Lord High Admiral Thompson, by hoisting his pocket-handkerchief on the handle of his umbrella, signaled "cease firing."

The Starboard and Port Divisions now united, and the whole fleet formed in close order that it might listen to the speech of Lord High Admiral Thompson, who had signified his intention of addressing it.

The Admirals having assembled on the respective decks of their vessels, Lord High Admiral Thompson spoke as follows:

"Admirals of the United States Navy, I cordially congratulate you on the successful termination of the grandest naval review which it has ever been my lot to attend since I have had the distinguished honor of being Secretary of the Navy.

The precision of the evolutions, the perfect discipline, and the magnificent specimens of naval architecture exhibited here to-day must have made a profound impression on any foreigner who was fortunate enough to be in the immediate neighborhood of Hampton Roads. The U. S. Government has very properly not wasted the people's money in building useless ironclads or unwieldy frigates. It knows better. It gives us a light navy, but one that can be, if necessary, as annoying as a mosquito. I am sure that no nation in the world can boast of more imposing and powerful scows, and more beautifully constructed gigs and washtubs. With these, Admirals, you ought to feel perfectly safe; for what power would presume to insult our flag when it knows the strength of our "wooden walls," and that they are manned by the noblest and most efficient of Admirals? Gentlemen, the tactics to-day have afforded me infinite pleasure. They have proved to me that we have a navy which is fit for any emergency, and the citizens of the United States can now sleep comfortably in their beds, knowing that while we have scows and Admirals such as have been exhibited on this occasion, they have nought to fear from any maritime enemy."

The fleet having been pulled ashore for the night, the Admirals, after standing lager all round, went home.

THIRD EDITION:  
**PUCK ON WHEELS!**  
Price 25 Cents.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Perfidious Albion has sent us a good-looking actress, Miss Agnes Leonard, and the Brooklynites are now getting the benefit of her in "Woman's Faith," which is the attraction at the BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE.

"The Sultan of Mocha," by Mr. Alfred Cellier, has pinaforic qualities, and is likely to make a hit at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

There is no performance at DALY'S THEATRE this week, as gigantic preparations are being made for the production of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's comedy of "Our First Families," which will be launched on the public on Tuesday evening next, Sept. 21st.

Marie Prescott is proving as profitable a prairie-flower as Mary Anderson. In fact, in some appreciative regions West and South-West, especially in the neighborhood of Kentucky, she is reported to have been raking in more shekels over the same circuit than the phenomenal Mary. Her play is "Mother and Daughter," by Mr. Ernest Harvier, who is also her business manager.

Next MONDAY will be September 20th, and on that date Miss Fanny Davenport will loom up in Miss Anna Dickinson's play of "An American Girl," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. It is a much more attractive title than a "Crown of Thorns," but we shall say more about it when we see it.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE—it will soon be a question as to what theatre isn't Haverly's—is now the temporary home of "The New Evangeline." Next Monday Mr. John Habberton, the "Helen's Babies" man, will have an opportunity of witnessing his new comedy, entitled "Deacon Crankett."

Mr. J. K. Emmet, better known as "Fritz," is playing "Drunk" or "Drink" here, there, and everywhere. His dates are not well arranged, and he wants a better manager. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Charles Reade we should not be in the least a bit surprised at his immediately coming to America for the purpose of prosecuting Mr. Emmet for an infringement on Mr. Reade's patent for "l'Assommoir." But by that time Mr. Emmet will probably be lodged in a comfortable jail or inebriate asylum—the former institution might have a more wholesome effect on the artist's constitution.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She recommends you to fusillade that straw hat.

J. L. E. WESTERN.—We don't think we can make use of your "Humorous Tale." Suppose you let your heroine die of consumption in the balmy spring-time, and sell it to a Sunday-school paper as a moral story for youth?

M. NAHM.—We always have our cartoons cut to order, and the offer made in your letter:

Office of E. NAHM & Co., Merchant Tailors,  
and Dealers in  
Ready-Made Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
BOWLING GREEN, Ky., Sept. 7th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Would you accept caricatures if drawn by a competent artist and if they are worthy? If so, would you prefer them on political or other subjects; and would you rather have them Republican or Democratic? What days do you want them and what size should they be?

Respectfully,

MAX NAHM.

has excited the wildest enthusiasm among the members of our artistic staff. You may send along any samples of your work you please. We don't care whether they are Republican or Democratic, but we like to have them cut high on the shoulders and easy around the arms, with three buttons in front and narrow binding. By the way, do you "clean and scour" or "promptly repair" old cartoons? Our E. C. the London *Punch* might avail itself of your services in that line.



# THE DEMOCRATIC SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINES

SAMSON IS ALL RIGHT, AND THE JAWBONE IS ALL RIGHT; BUT THE PHILISTINES ARE





AND THE REPUBLICAN PHILISTINES.  
PHILISTINES HAVE JUST HEARD THE NEWS FROM VERMONT, AND THEY ARE ALL RIGHT, TOO.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A FRIVOLOUS MAN.

### A STORY OF GOOD SASSIETY.

By ROBERT CANT.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### MY FIRST BALL.

"THE carriage is at the door, Jawge." It was dear mama's voice rising from below. My toilette, unusually elaborate for a blushing *débutant*, was nearly finished. My maiden aunt pulled out the ends of my white tie, while my old nurse smoothed the lapels of my dress-coat.

"How lovely you look, Jawge dear!" sighed Aunt Tabitha.

"It'll be a lucky girl that gets him, mum!" my old nurse cried.

I'm sure I blushed quite too awfully red; but there was no time to lose, and giving a last pat to my crimps—my dark hair was parted exactly in the middle—I rushed down to the parlor.

I had three boutonnières. One was from a mere horrid man, my uncle Samuel, of the others, one was from my nurse, and the other from Miss Kensingtonia Bloke, a young lady whom I had once met in Boston, and who had been kind enough to say that she thought me "sweet with a strange ineffable sweetness."

Then we got into the carriage, and in ten minutes we had stopped at the door of Mr. Van Whoopitup's house; and we entered.

I will not describe the bewildering scene. Suffice it to say that it *was* bewildering.

"Good evening, Mr. Jawge," said a voice close by my ear. It was Miss Kensingtonia Bloke.

"What a far too unspeakably lovely floor!" she said; and in a minute we were waltzing over it.

When we had finished, she remarked:

"Your waltzing is divine with a divineness that is wholly and beautifully unutterable. Yes, sometimes I think," she went on, thoughtfully, as she led me into a corner: "that dancing is an unutterably perfect and wholly sweet and passionate reflex of the arcane rhythm of our nearest and most intimate soul-life. Do you?"

"I hardly know," I answered. She relapsed into silence; and was very grave for the rest of the evening.

I was introduced to Miss Geraldina Bathbrick—the famous Geraldina Bathbrick, the great society belle. I was very much frightened.

"Your nose," she said: "is *à la grecque*, and you have a great deal of the *petiole acharné* about you, do you know?"

People in Good Sassiety always pay compliments in that way; but I blushed, all the same. It was so new to me.

We went in to supper, and I had oysters and ice-cream, and let Miss Mashvilla Hoboken whisper in my ear. Miss Hoboken I thought the most thrilling of all the young ladies that I had yet met; but she was very big and dark, and rather frightened me; and when she called me "Cully," and squeezed my fingers, I am afraid her intentions were not strictly honorable.

I danced the German with Miss Sandy Hook. She was a massive young woman, with no thrill about her; and I noticed that her costume was the faintest shade eccentric and careless. For instance, she had a red flannel dress, while the majority of the ladies wore white. She said she invited me to dance because she couldn't find anyone else. I thought this rather rude, until I remembered that this was Good Sassiety, so that I must be mistaken.

I had a very good time, altogether, and became quite brilliant and self-possessed.

As I was going home in the carriage, mama said I had flirted horribly, and I cried.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### GOOD SASSIETY.

I went out a great deal during the winter. I was a tremendous success among the young ladies, and I may say that I had a perfectly splendid time.

I can not give a better idea of this "splendid time" than by quoting from my journal:

February 3d.

I am utterly changed from what I was. I feel quite bold and nerve, and have done some wonderful things in the way of flirtations.

I am getting along splendidly with Miss Sandy Hook; but my great success has been with Miss Geraldina Bathbrick. I believe she is really gone on me. She told me there were few young men who were truly calculated to *éprouver* the *cœur* of a *femme*; but I don't know whether she meant it in the first place, or whether her French was right, in the second.

Talking of young ladies, I have seen a great deal of Miss Kensingtonia Bloke. She makes me walk out with her a great deal, and she always talks of very pre-Raphaélite subjects.

She passes all the mornings with me, saying such things as these:

"Mr. Jawge, do you believe that the utter ineffableness of divinity is the wholly perfect and supremely entire compassionfulness of an unspeakably sweet and sad scorn of humanity? Because I don't."

To which I generally respond that I gave it up, or some giddy thing like that, which makes her sad.

Miss Mashvilla Hoboken seems to be quite stuck on me; and I am constantly cautioned against her; especially by Mr. Fowling Peece, who occasionally dances on the tight-rope, just to show me what he can do; but who is otherwise an irreproachable member of Good Sassiety.

February 24th.

Miss Sandy Hook has invited me to be her husband. I knew it had got to come, and it came. She quoted to me:

"The proper study of mankind is Man—"

told me she was studying man; and wanted me to be hers particularly. I told her that I didn't thrill for her.

Last night I met Lady 'Elen 'Awkins. She said I was "awfully jolly;" and was very rude and English.

Miss Mashvilla Hoboken made me thrill awfully the other evening; but I am afraid she is a wicked girl; and that I ought not to have anything to do with her.

What a frivolous thing it is to be frivol, anyhow.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### MISS KENSINGTONIA BLOKE.

I was a success. There was no doubt about it. Wherever I went I was welcomed, and it was no unusual thing for me, when I entered a room, to find a row of young ladies all drawn up to receive me, who hailed me with:

"How do you do, Mr. Jawge? Are you enjoying yourself? I'll see you latah!"

Which was, of course, very flattering to me.

At the beginning of the season we went to Nooport. Everybody was there; and I enjoyed myself awfully.

Miss Kensingtonia Bloke turned up; and made herself very agreeable. She used to take me out walking day after day; and talk to me in the language of the Neo-Pagan Cult.

I didn't know whether I loved her or not; though I might have: for she was as angular as a proposition in the first part of Euclid; and had nothing pretty about her but a dragging peacock's feather in her hair.

She proposed for me on the cliffs one day. Everybody seems to fall in love with me. I let my gingham umbrella fall down into the water; and staved off the proposal for the time.

But the next time the umbrella dodge wouldn't work; and she asked me out and out to be her husband.

I said I couldn't; and that she frightened me. I am sorry to say that she received this explanation very ungraciously; and said I had utterly no business to flirt with her, if I had no real and wholly earnest intention of accepting her.

Miss Sandy Hook came to Nooport one week. She is a perfect guy; and goes bathing in an ulster.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SECOND ROUND.

I feel that I am getting old. I have been at it all winter; and the girls really seem to have no serious intentions.

What a horrid thing it is to be a man. I wish some girl would marry me; and merge my individuality in hers.

Miss Bathbrick has been after me; but I do not love her. Miss Sandy Hook is eternally around; and the more I snub her, the more she seems to like it. This is what is called "un-remitting devotion" in Good Sassiety.

July 15th.

We are at Mount D'sert.

It is awfully coarse and vulgar; and I feel quite at the mercy of the rich girls in red petticoats and thick boots who run around here and quote poetry to a man.

But Mr. Fowling Peece likes it; and though I am much more delicately constituted, I am trying to get along, as I am under his care.

I am doing pretty fairly, by the way. A young lady from Boston has fallen desperately in love with me; and I have refused her. She says her heart is broken; but I am sure that is her own lookout. How should I know she had a heart? I never studied Trigonometry or Anatomy, or whatever its name is.

I am coming home from Mount D'sert. Aunt Tabitha thinks that I have frivoleed enough for the present.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### SETTLING UP.

I am someone's husband at last. My maiden aunt died; and I had to go into mourning. This was an awful bore, of course; but black always became me.

Besides, Miss Mashvilla Hoboken was married; and Miss Kensingtonia Bloke was in Europe; and Miss Geraldina Bathbrick was getting a little tired; and there was nobody left to call on me but Miss Sandy Hook, the solid young woman, who had serious aims, and was generally busy. She kept an Intelligence Office and a Cooking-School, and was always laboring for the good of the sex.

I married Miss Sandy Hook. She was a guy; as I have remarked before; and she is a guy still; but what was there left for me to do? Miss Geraldina Bathbrick never actually arrived at the asking point; and the rest of my adorers, including Lady 'Elen 'Awkins, had gone the usual way of people in Good Sassiety. Some of them were far away; and some were in the penitentiary.

If you ask me what is the moral of these chapters, I can only reply that it is such as is left to you to draw from this chronicle of Good Sassiety. If this same Good Sassiety, as depicted therein, seems to you mean, ill-bred, purposeless and vulgar, I can only reply that it is Good Sassiety. It may be possible that this world may furnish an assemblage of nobler characters, living purer lives for worthier ends; but this would not be Good Sassiety, and would not be worth the trouble of recording—at least to a Frivolous Man.

The Crown Tooth Brushes are stamped on handle—"The Crown Brush, London Made. Warranted Perfect."



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DELIBERATE DIGGING.

## THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL IN 1980.

Seeking the Bodies of the Victims of the Famous Accident.—The Work Going Bravely On.—And Likely To.

## FULL DETAILS.

All for 10 Cents.

From a Special Correspondent of PUCK.]

Outside the H. R. Tunnel,  
Sept. 14th, 1980.

In obedience to your instructions, I have just interviewed the Superintendent of the Hudson River Tunnel. He is a very agreeable gentleman, and a lineal descendant of the original Superintendent. He told me that he had been employed

## ALL HIS LIFE

in prosecuting the noble work of searching for the bodies of the men lost in the tunnel one hundred years and two months ago.

"Do you," I asked him: "ever expect to find the bodies?"

"We must," he replied with confidence: "Science advances with every year, and although all our attempts hitherto to reach the bodies of the buried men have been lamentable failures; yet we are constantly devising new plans, and even should those now in operation be

## ENTIRELY UNSUCCESSFUL,

we have plenty more in reserve."

"When do you expect," I asked: "to reach the place where the bodies are supposed to lie?"

"Well," replied the Superintendent, meditatively: "it is difficult to tell you exactly. Should nothing occur to derange our plans, I think we may hope, if no geological changes take place in the bed of the river, and if the bodies are still there, to return them to their

SORROWING GREAT GRANDCHILDREN before the advent of the twenty-first century—that is, if nothing interferes."

I suggested that some time had elapsed since the beginning of the work, and inquired what the company proposed to do if the bodies had been reduced to their original elements, and were now indistinguishable from the clay of the river bottom.

"In that case," promptly replied the courteous official: "we shall have the soil brought to the surface and analyzed to find traces of decomposed organic matter. We are going to find those bodies, sir, if it takes us all eternity."

"Will you give me," I then inquired: "some idea of the

WONDERFUL CONTRIVANCES which I understand you have, or are about to have, in operation?"

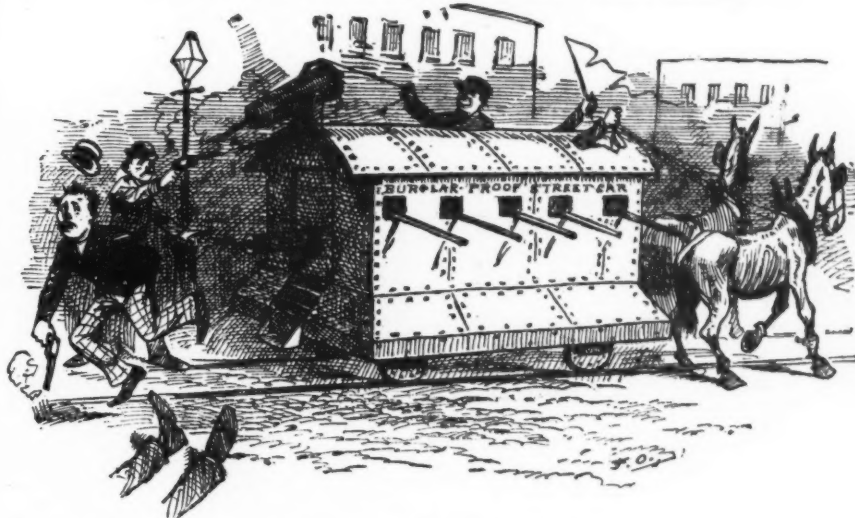
"Certainly," responded the Superintendent, leading the way to the scene of action.

"In the first place," he said, pointing to a gigantic apparatus, "there is the Mudo-Scoop-obot. That is an invention of my grandfather's, and I have improved it by the addition of babbited bearings and reciprocating valves, which work automatically in connection with a registering instrument, and give on an electric dial a quantitative analysis of the soil lifted by the Scoopobot. You see, it is a very remarkable and original machine, and would undoubtedly fulfill all our expectations, only that

## THE MUD FLOWS BACK

as fast as we scoop it out. That thing over there is the Aërotight Damostat. We experimented a long time with that, and it is a very fine article, only that the holes made for venti-

## WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR THE IDEA.



IN VIEW OF THE FREQUENT INVASION OF STREET CARS BY ROBBERS, PUCK WOULD NOT BE ASTONISHED TO SEE SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

lation let the water through, and we have not yet devised any means of getting a free current of air underneath the walls without admitting the dampness. A man was over here the other day who suggested that we didn't need the current of air; but he was

NOT A PRACTICAL ENGINEER, and, of course, knew nothing about it. That machine now being broken up is the Cylindro-Aquapump; it used to raise at least a gallon of water an hour; but we could not find any way of keeping the water from returning to the place whence it came. We are now going to have it readjusted to pump the earth back into the river, and

## SEE HOW IT WILL WORK

that way. That other arrangement—"

"Mr. Superintendent," I interrupted: "suppose the President of this company were a descendant of the prehistoric Mr. Samuel Tilden, and suppose he had lost a bar'l of gold down there, what time would it take to recover it?"

"I suppose," said the Superintendent: "that if it wasn't on hand inside of twenty-four hours, there would be trouble. But if you were a Practical Engineer, you would know that there is a difference between a bar'l of gold and a deceased workingman; and you wouldn't ask such foolish questions."

I felt this to be a snub; and departed.

H. EVANS HOWLONG,

PUCK's Special 20th Century Correspondent.

## LOCK UP DE COOP.

Rev. John Nicodemus of Alexandria, Va., colored, has abandoned the Republicans and came out for General Hancock. As he adjusted his "specks" he observed to his wife: "I say, Matildy Jane, when sich a great warrior and fust-class general as Ben Butler 'bandons the 'Publicans and jines de Democrat party it mus' be monst'us hard up. I'm gwine to leave 'em too. Jest you send word to de club dat I'm suddenly tuk sick and can't speak at de mass meetin' to-night. I've lost too many chickens by de 'Publican party heah lately when it meets in our neighborhood. Lock up de coop."

W. K.

## DIFFERENCE.

Sampson's name in German is Simon. But the original Sampson was a Jew; and the present representative of the name—with a P—is a double-barreled Philistine, as any gentleman in reduced circumstances will tell you.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## HELMIN-ORNI-THOLOGICAL.

Listened I to infant words:

"Spare, O Lord, the little birds."

Changed I in my mind the terms:

"Sparrow, Lord, the little worms."

JOHN ALBRO.

## IN A BEER PALACE.

"What is it, Hans, that smells so queer,  
So strong it really does appear  
To drown the flavor of the beer?"

"Dose smells, like perfumed summer breeze,  
Dose lovely smells come, ov you please,  
From dose fresh-made Limburger cheese."

A. L.

## INCONSISTENT.

O Mr. R. G. White,  
Why would you thus indict

The Public Schools as dangers to the State?  
Since Grammar is your foe,  
Sweet Richard, don't you know,  
These are the allies granted you by Fate?

For did you ever meet

With ignorance more complete

Than his—the Public School's proud Graduate?

A. H. O.

## MULLER'S LAMENT.

Shall we give to the foe our district most sure?  
Shall our work in the past to our foemen enure?  
Do you think that our boys their ballots will cast  
For the men they have whipped so oft in the past?  
Oh, Kelly, John Kelly, how could you do so?

You have saved from the wreck both your Cox  
and your Wood,

But the men in the Fifth can't see why you  
should;

And they think they should not have been thus  
left by you,

Since their Muller and they have always been  
true—

Oh, Kelly, John Kelly, how could you do so?

And our boys, they will not support Irving Hall,  
So they wish me to run Independent this Fall;  
We can win at that game, a' our leading men  
think,

And I'll try it, great master, if you'll give the  
wink—

Oh, Kelly, John Kelly, now will you do so?

A. L.

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The Genuine **BROWN'S GINGER** is made by Frederick Brown, Philadelphia. It has been known for over 50 Years as the Best. Insist on receiving the **GENUINE** article. For sale by all respectable Druggists and Grocers in the World.

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**ANGOSTURA BITTERS.****J. H. HANCOX,** Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.

It was a mean Republican who persuaded Ben Butler to come out for Hancock.—*Phila. News.*

MAN may be woman's superior, but she can give him points in going to sleep in a hat.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

No Major-General's uniform, however large, is big enough to cover the reorganized Confederacy.—*N. Y. Mail.*

THE man who smooths off the top of strong firkin butter with a knife calls that instrument "Love," because it levels all ranks.—*Peoria Transcript.*

THE president of a Garfield club in Ithaca, N. Y., has been arrested for forgery; but we don't intend to crow. Some Hancock rooster will be getting himself jailed if we do.—*New Haven Register.*

ON a recent moonlight evening at Narragansett Pier there was only an average of a man and a half to thirteen females, and every female dropped her fan and handkerchief as often as possible.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CIRCUS manager wanted a new name for his show, and a sophomore collegian suggested "monohippic aggregation" as good, and the circus man had got three towns billed before he was informed that "monohippic" meant "one-horse."—*Boston Post.*

"INQUIRER" asks: "Is the 'Great Eastern' the largest vessel ever built?" An impression has got abroad that she is, but such is not the case. The "Mayflower," in which the Pilgrim fathers came to this country, was the largest ship that ever ploughed the waters. The old furniture scattered over this country, brought over by the "Mayflower," would fill the "Great Eastern" a dozen times or more.—*Norristown Herald.*

A KANSAS gentleman named McGowan has been eaten by rats, while in a drunken stupor. We never suspected rats of being fastidious in their diet, but with this our last grain of respect for the rodent tribe vanishes. The animal that would eat a drunken Kansas Colonel (of course, he was a Colonel) need never try to borrow a dollar in this office. At the same time, the deceased McGowan's fate suggests many grave thoughts. For instance, what trouble there'll be about gathering up the McGowan fragments when Gabriel toots his resurrection horn. You see, parts of poor Mac may be caught in a rat trap, and then be eaten by a cat, who in turn may be converted into the best pork sausages, which may subsequently serve for the dinner of some lovely woman, into whose corporeal being some portion of the McGowan essence must necessarily be absorbed, after which—but the subject grows painfully mixed. "Let us talk about the weather."—*S. F. News Letter.*

There are in the town of Durham ten to fifteen Smoking Tobacco factories, but W. T. BLACKWELL & CO. are the sole and only manufacturers and originators of the celebrated old **Original Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco.** Their goods have the Bull on each package.

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A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore'?" The most delicate and feeble can take the gas, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 14,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply other dentists with our gas.

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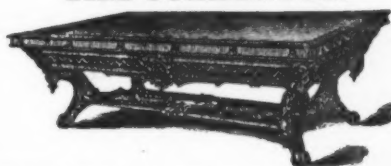
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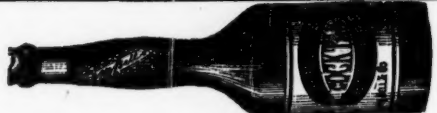
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THE roads from summer resorts are exodusty.  
*Boston Comm. Bulletin.*

A PERSON who creates a want, a necessity for the human race, is an enemy to mankind, and should be looked upon as such.—*N. Y. Comm. Adv.*

Written probably after being refused credit for a glass of beer.—*Boston Comm. Bulletin.*

It is estimated that 100,000 American clergymen have gone to Europe so as to be able to begin their sermons with, "When I was in—" —*Buffalo Express.*

DOWNY, recollect Downey, the Congressional poet, is in New York; and by the way, Martin Farquhar Tupper is poetizing in the New York *Evening Post*. It is well to keep track of these afflatus tamers.—*New Haven Register.*

THE difference between a fair in Texas and in Vermont, is that in the former place racing is the principal attraction, and in the latter nobody thinks of it, and all wonder how it happens that there is any, and that they happened at the stand just as it began.—*Boston Post.*

SOME one asked Toombs the other day if Alexander H. Stephens would be returned to Congress again. "Returned!" he exclaimed; "why, damme, his district will keep him in Congress as long as he lives, and when he dies they'll run his executor."—*Peoria Transcript.*

SPEAKING of myself reminds me of the wind-mill. There used to be four. There is only one left, and it don't kill itself with work. If it ever runs it must run in the night, like a policeman, because nobody ever sees it. I have been on the island now nearly two months, and I have never seen the wind-mill turn a hand. Prof. North assures me that he saw it grind some corn, and he showed me some of the meal to prove it. But I think he must have bribed the keeper. This mill was built in 1746, and I understand the same old Portuguese has tended it all the time. He doesn't look to be 134 years old, but then these Portuguese carry their age wonderfully well, they tell me. In my sketch I find I have made the sails so long when they turn, they will lift the mill up from the ground and walk away with it. Perhaps this is the reason the mill never runs. It may be my mistake. It is not an uncommon mistake for great artists to make. Phidias, old Phid, of Phidville, Phid County, made his sitting statue of Jupiter—the old original Jupe who run a kind of a community in Olympus county—so large that if it had risen to its feet, it would have carried away the roof of the temple in which it was placed. But it never riz up, and this wind-mill never goes, so Phidias and I—I should say, me and Phidias are all right.—*Burdette, in Hawkeye.*

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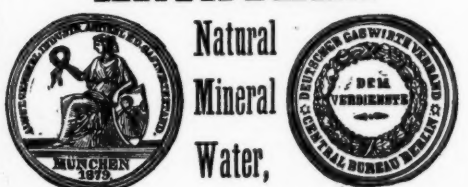
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HECLA BOTANIA\* ..... Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 2:30 P. M.  
ALGERIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 22nd, 7 A. M.  
SCYTHIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 29th, 1 P. M.  
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SAYS the Leadville Chronicle: "Garfield is a well known and tried statesman." Yes; tried by the Poland Committee and found guilty.—Boston Post.

TODDLEKINS is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all, until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows, and his wife began to cut down their old clothes and cut them over to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.—Burlington Hawkeye.

THE father of a British army officer writes the London Standard as follows: "I was walking with my son in the main street of Halifax, Yorkshire, at midday. He was in the uniform of his regiment. We were confronted by an operative, who addressed my son as follows: 'You get out o' my way, you blooming lobster; I pays for yer, and has a better right to walk 'ere nor you 'ave.'" This, the writer adds, was simply outrageous, and the Government ought to protect its officers from such insults.—Sunbeams.

It was a sound boat, and the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward," he roared; "carry it forward, you lunk-headed son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee-whizzley gaul dusted to jude if I don't maul the dod-slammered head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you hog-backed molligrubber, ye!" And the deck-hand looked up in profound admiration, and said: "By George, cap, if I had your culchure, I wouldn't be runnin' as mate for no man in these waters; I'd be a commandin' a boat of my own."—Burlington Hawkeye.

A NEW Democratic campaign-song goes for the Republican party in this manner: "What a record this party will leave behind for their children forever to hear. How often it will be cast up to them, What traitors your forefathers were." Oh, yes; when they remember how their forefathers fought to prevent the Democratic patriots from destroying the Union they—these children of "traitors"—will feel like going down to the river and committing suicide. It is getting to be a terrible disgrace to be the sons of men who fought to save the country from the brave and loyal men who fired on Fort Sumter, starved and murdered Union soldiers in prison pens, and made ornaments out of dead Yankee's shinbones. Generations yet unborn, if they want to be considered worthy of notice by the Democratic party, should not fail to become the children and grand-children of the men who fired on the American flag—and got licked.—Norristown Herald.

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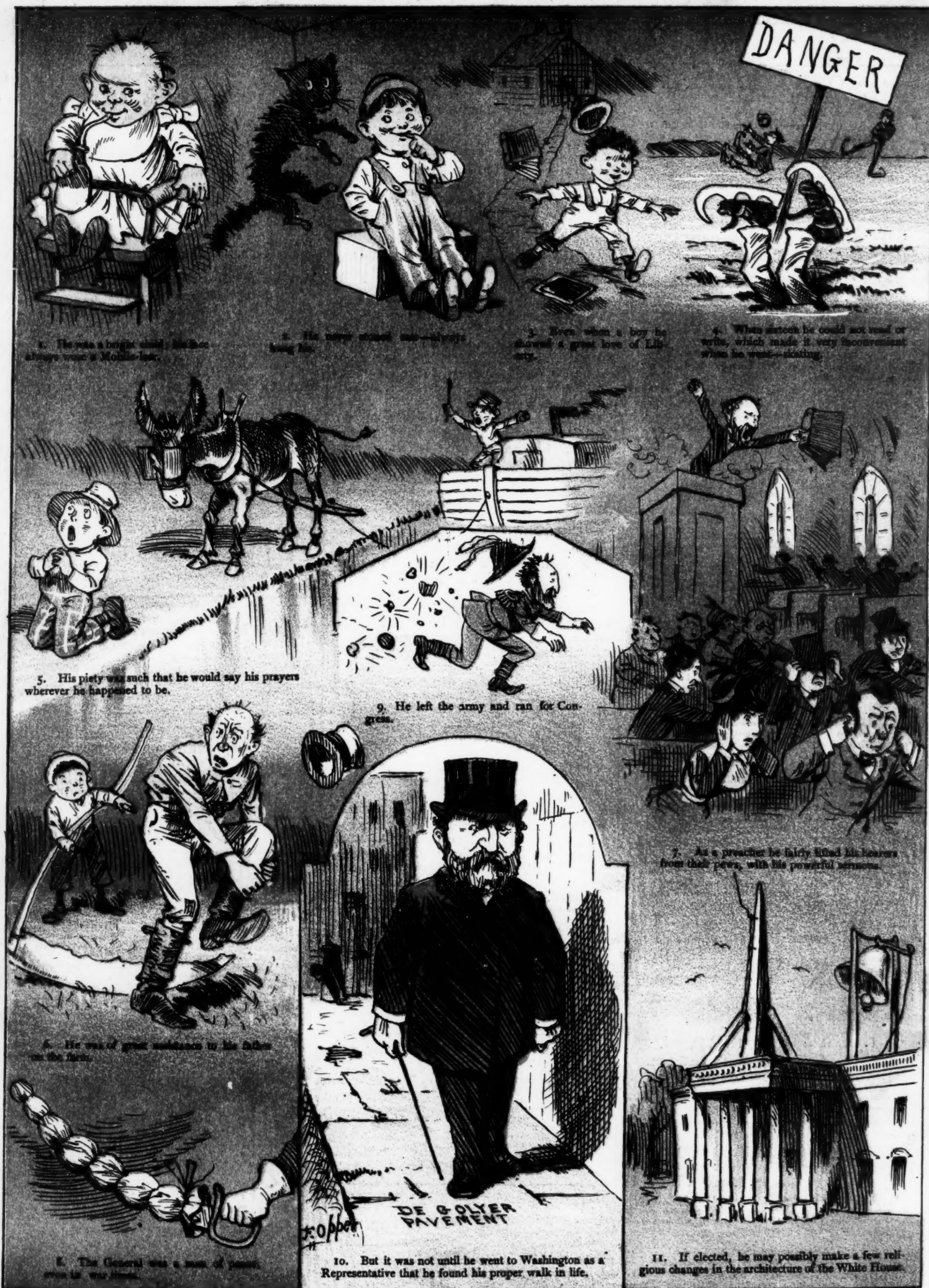
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